

Acquisition

by silentsailor

Category: Halo

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2004-08-31 05:55:56

Updated: 2004-08-31 05:55:56

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:16:33

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 487

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: She couldn't wait to change the world. After all, who else was there? Character oriented drabble.

## Acquisition

**A c q u i s i t i o n**

\* \* \*

>It's Sunday evening, she's fifteen already and she's smart, <em>really</em> smart, and she knows it. College is coming up soon; she can't wait to leave. There's some Mahler playing in the background, she's always liked being a classy girl. She stops packing for a moment and stretches out on her bed, stares at the ceiling and twirls her hair and \_thinks\_.

\_Some day, Catherine dahling, you're going to grow up and you're going to have the chance to stop thinking and maybe take some **action**!\_

She can't wait to change the world. After all, who else is there?

x Stage one: Aspiration

\_\*\*xxxxxxx\*\*\_

She's just turned twenty-seven and she's queen of the world, sitting with Keyes on the bridge and completely in control. Her project's got funding, she's bringing peace to the west spiral and she's making a difference in the world, she's doing the right thing it **must** be the right thing.

\_This is the edge of the cliff; we can either flee or fight, fall or fly.\_

It's going to be tough, it's going to be long, but it **will** mean

something and it **\*\*will\*\*** be worth it. She'll make it; she always has before. It won't be easy, and she would never want it to be. Life would be so dull.

x Stage two: Conviction

**\*\*xxxxxxx\*\***

She looked tired, Cortana saw it but she didn't say anything. After all, why shouldn't she be? Not tired like she woke up early, not tired like she pulled another all-nighter, but tired as in tired of herself, her life. The blood is all over her hands, now, it's coating everything she touches and she's a criminal, she's a murderess. She killed those children as surely as if she had granted them a bullet to the brain, she killed her Spartans, and the surviving onesâ€|well, those would never really have a chance to live, would they? Killkillkill, we are machines, we are heroes. They didn't know peace, they didn't know rest.

She didn't know rest, either. And she would never want to. Life would be so dull.

x Stage three: Guilt

**\*\*xxxxxxx\*\***

It's late and she's just commandeered a ship, it's illegal for a civilian to fly, hell this would be illegal for anyone. She's nearing sixty now and her job will never be done. But it's okay, you see, she's stopping Ackerson from repeating her own mistakes. And maybe just maybe, if she can do this, she can repent.

She's not saving the world this time, that's all been doneâ€|she's saving herself. And she could ask for nothing more.

x Stage four: Acquisition, Flight.

**\*\*xxxxxxx\*\***

fin

End  
file.